

## Fun City

It's wonderful to be lonely in the big, ugly city  
And wander the streets draped in your gorgeous cloak of self pity  
With its satin lining and velvet trim. What heaven  
To walk onto the pier and gaze at the river, the color of collard greens  
And the dueling skylines of Manhattan and Jersey City,  
Two sets of goose pimples on a frosty January morning.  
Lovers stroll hand in hand; your hands are in your pockets.  
There's joy in the tears that sting your eyes, how delicious this unhappiness!  
There's richness to it, full of exotic ingredients, though all you taste is salt.  
Oh, right, the tears! But they are full and shapely and each has a story to tell  
Of misunderstanding, regret and love lost. What bliss  
To miss your darling so and know there will be no going back this time.  
You are adrift on this iceberg for awhile now, buckaroo  
So wrap the cloak a little tighter, wave to the other lost souls drifting by,  
Drink in the sights you've been given this remarkable chance to view  
And inhale the voluptuous air of your misery.

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